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OUR DUMB ANIMALS

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THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~ THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 55 | No. 9 | FEBRUARY, 1923 | Price 10 Cents

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. GIVING HORSES A CHRISTMAS DINNER

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Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM

The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—COWPER

Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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Vol. 55 February, 1923 No. 9

CALLING a slaughter-house an abattoir lessens in no degree the needless sufferings of its hopeless victims.

* * *

A DOG panting for breath in trying to keep up with his master's automobile is a bad advertisement for his master

* * *

THOSE of us who remember that kindly man—Joe Jefferson everyone used to call him—will not wonder that he said in his later years, "I don't shoot any more. I can't bear to see the birds die."

* * *

HEARTY applause was called forth by the remark of Mr. Newman in one of his recent travel-talks in Symphony Hall, Boston, when he said he was absolutely opposed to the barbarous habit of killing animals for sport.

* * *

MR. NEWMAN further said that taking pictures of animals while they were being hunted gave as close an idea of their natural methods of existence as would pictures of a man facing a revolver give of his normal expression.

* * *

LET us hope that the bull-fight which it is rumored is to take place in Wichita, Kansas, will be prohibited by the state authorities. It would be a sorry piece of advertising for Kansas and a disgrace to the country at large. Many appeals to Governor Allen to prevent this have been sent.

* * *

WAS it through the law of compensation that it came about that Emanuel Nobel, the inventor of dynamite and submarines, should give to the world a son, Alfred Nobel, whom the world knows as the giver of the celebrated Peace Prize?

* * *

HUMANE societies are the finest fruitage of that spirit from which have sprung the humanities of life. They stand for the noblest, kindest treatment, not only of one's fellow-men, but of the defenseless animal as well. They gather within the circle of their interest one world more than do those which include only humanity.

WILL IT COME?

MEN are talking of the next war. Some declare it inevitable and near at hand. There are doubtless those who would like to see it come. Whether anything would be left of them, or of civilization, should another world war start, they do not consider. Much war talk is propaganda, to use a nearly worn-out word. Never, as during this past summer, have we been convinced of the untrustworthiness of the reports to be found in our newspapers concerning conditions across the water. The most of these reports are inspired by some interest seeking its own end. One often may find in the same issue of the same paper two contradictory stories of personal visits to Russia, or Germany, or France, or Turkey. Some of the war talk in America is to frighten us into increasing our preparations for war. But we have not the slightest idea of another war as imminent. Europe is as good as bankrupt. Besides the consciousness of her politicians that financial ruin is staring her in the face, her people have had all the war they purpose to have. Those who "pay in peace and die in war" are no longer willing like dumb beasts to be prodded into front lines and mowed down by cannon, or sent into slimy trenches to play hide and seek with death. This last war has determined the multitudes who have usually been marched on to the battlefield to be shot, in place of the rulers who started the quarrel, to have something to say themselves about this method of settling the differences between nations.

What may happen in distant years, no man knows, but, unless all sanity and sense vanish from the minds of the world's best business men, and humanity goes mad, another European war is not near at hand. There have been other dark hours when men have despaired and prophesied only evil, yet a better day has dawned and the world moved onward.

Let us not forget, little as modern nations have recognized it during recent years in their councils, that there is One who "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him." And find Him soon or late they will.

THE SHIELD'S REVERSE

THE intellect of man has achieved, in the realms especially of physical science, marvels of which the most renowned of the ancients never dreamed. The wonders of the starry heavens, the secrets of the buried pages of the earth's long-hidden records, have yielded to man's patient study tales more wonderful than any fiction has produced. The discovery of once unknown forces and the subjugating of them to the control of man—all that has resulted in the accumulation of wealth and power from the researches of man in the sphere of material nature—fill us with ever-increasing amazement. To discredit science as a benefactor of the race in its search for truth and fact would be to rank oneself with the ignorant and the fanatic. The truth, every honest man must follow, let it lead where it may. It can never contradict itself.

But science, too, has made possible many an instrument for evil. On its anvils have been forged weapons for destruction that our most savage ancestors would have disdained to use. In many an instance its influence over the mind of its devotee has been to blind him to truths of greater worth to mankind than any exact science has ever discovered. It may be possible to measure and weigh the stars of heaven and yet catch no glimpse of eternal spiritual values beside which the shining stars grow pale.

It is when one looks upon the shield's reverse side, when he confronts the cold, crass materialism into which scientific studies have so often led its votaries, that he scarcely wonders that one who had seen both sides should have written years before this last unspeakable war, which drew its engines of destruction from the laboratories of Science:

"I hate and fear 'Science' because of my conviction that for long to come, if not forever, it will be the remorseless enemy of mankind. I see it destroying all gentleness and simplicity of life; I see it restoring barbarism under a mask of civilization; I see it darkening men's minds and *hardening their hearts;* I see it bringing a time of vast conflicts which will pale into insignificance the thousand wars of old, and, as likely as not, overwhelm all the laborious advances of mankind in blood-drenched chaos."

JACK LONDON CLUB HAS STRONG SUPPORT

HUMANE ASSOCIATIONS AND INDIVIDUALS EXPRESS DISAPPROVAL OF TRAINED ANIMAL ACTS

COOPED UP IN A CAGE AND IRRECONCILABLY LONGING FOR THE OLD FREE-RANGING DAYS AND THE FREEDOM AND SECLUSION OF HIS NATIVE JUNGLE

BECOME a member of the Jack London Club by agreeing to withdraw from any place of public amusement that caters animal performances, and by sending your name to *Our Dumb Animals*, Boston, Mass.

* * *

THE Jack London Club has many adherents in Canada. The *Humane Pleader*, published monthly by the Toronto Humane Society, has been agitating against the cruelties of the trained animal shows and is building up a large and influential membership in the Club.

A JACK LONDON STORY

MANY people enjoy the books of Jack London. Martin Johnson, who was with him in his South Sea cruise, tells the following story of him: A little bird of variegated color once dropped on the deck. It was "the prettiest bird we had ever seen." It was a land bird and had flown too far from land and had fallen exhausted. The beautiful bird lay for awhile in Mrs. London's hand while all admired it. Finally Jack London said: "If you are a land bird, to the land you go." The course of the boat was changed. They sailed for the island Nallicollo, ten miles away. Close to the shore they sailed. The pigeon-like bird had regained its strength and gladly flew over to the cocoanut trees. No wonder Mr. Johnson ends the story by saying, "I have little doubt this is the only time a captain ever went twenty miles out of his way when his fuel was low (our gasolene tanks were fast emptying) just to put a poor little bird ashore to go back to its mate and its young." Mr. London really belonged to the Band of Mercy whether he knew it or not.

THE CIRCUS HORSE

REGINALD C. BARKER

BORN in a mountain pasture,
Where star-eyed daisies grow
By streams of crystal water
Fed by the melting snow;
Sired by a Flemish stallion,
Foaled by an Arab mare,
Doing the will of my trainer
Under the spotlight's glare.

Prancing around the sawdust,
Steed to a tinselled Thing!
Toy for the public fancy,
I, who was born a king!
Slave to a piercing whistle,
Gaud for the public eye,
Young, I was fed with kindness,
Old, I am left to die.

Keeping time to the music
With each of my dainty feet,
The big parade moves slowly
Over the sweltering street.
Trained to obey the guiding
Touch of my rider's knee,
Thinking, while I'm obeying,
Thinking, if I were free!

Free in a mountain pasture,
Tossing my chestnut mane,
Flinging my heels and snorting
As though I were young again.
Only in dreams I wander
Far fields of flower and gorse,
For the blare of circus music
Is the doom of the circus horse.

TRAINING WILD ANIMALS

[Editorial in *Christian Science Monitor*]

IN this age of large circuses and other entertainments, integral features of which are the performances of trained wild animals, the question is being asked by many: Are the methods utilized to accomplish the results therein shown in the least degree justifiable, when the absolutely useless nature of the ends attained is considered? This issue is especially pertinent, when it is recalled that sometimes these performances bear every ear-mark of being conducted by methods the very opposite of kindly, as that word is so often, somewhat incongruously, applied to the means used in training wild animals. It is important, therefore, that an opinion on this subject has been given by such authority as R. I. Pocock, F. R. S., superintendent of the London Zoological Gardens.

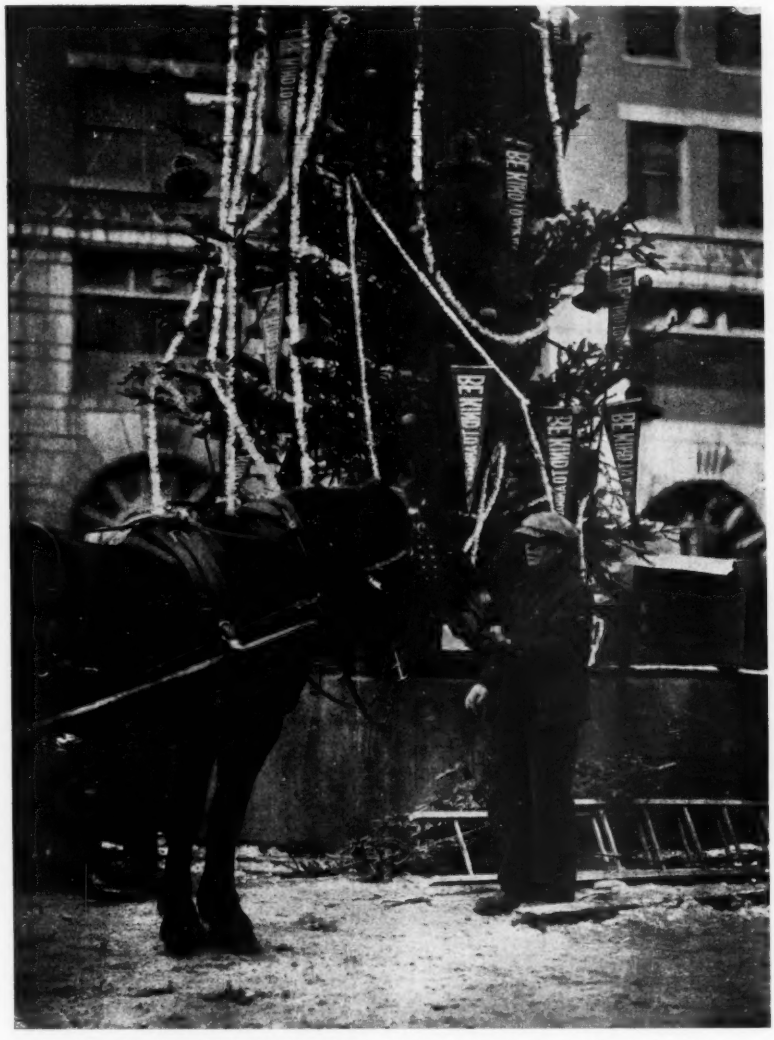
In his published views Mr. Pocock states that he does not believe that lions, tigers and other savage, carnivorous animals can be trained to perform the usual stage tricks, and be kept trained, without a constant appeal to their fear of punishment, because he has studied a large number of such animals and feels he understands them reasonably well. Such animals, he explains, even though some of them may be easily trained by kind methods when they are young, seem to brook control less and less as they grow older, until they literally require an "iron" hand to hold them in check and force them to do what is demanded of them.

In view of such statements, the burden of proof is certainly shifted on to the shoulders of those who claim to be achieving these feats with wild animals by kindness alone. If, moreover, the trouble is taken to analyze the motive impelling the desire to see these displays, it will be found to be but little different from that prompting the Romans to view the gladiatorial shows. So long as there is a demand for such entertainments there is likely to be a response from ambitious managers. Hence, the surest way to stop them is by withdrawing the support that is popularly given them. Then they will be found to stop automatically.

Wild Animals Tortured into Tricks

Those philosophers who, in attempting to prove that wild animals possess powers of ratiocination, base some of their arguments upon the tricks of the arena, would quickly alter their belief, could they see how beasts are prepared for public exhibition. Animals are not *taught*—they are pushed, and hauled, and mauled, and whipped, and dragged, and choked, and tortured into tricks. The most patient, industrious, and painstaking trainer I ever met once said to me: "When they won't give way to pain, they won't be broke." In that speech he read the text of the whole game, and he has spent thirty years in the arena handling every kind of animal that grows, from fox-terriers to elephants. When a Gordon setter won't obey, a dose of birdshot is the quickest and most effective argument. It is so with all irrational animals. Hurt them and they will heed.—M. B. KIRBY in "The Gentle Art of Training Wild Beasts."

A Christmas Tree for Horses



ONE OF THE FIRST TO COME FOR HIS DINNER AT THE HORSES' CHRISTMAS TREE IN POST OFFICE SQUARE, BOSTON

THE Horses' Christmas, annually observed in Boston, brought joy to hundreds of horses and thousands of persons this season as on former occasions. The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., with a happy corps of voluntary assistants, acted as hosts and served a Christmas dinner to the satisfaction of every equine patron. Oats, apples, carrots and corn, in quantity and variety to suit the individual taste and capacity, were on the bill of fare, and it is his "full dinner" that brings greatest cheer into the daily grind of the work-horse.

From mid-morning until dark on the day before Christmas, Post Office Square presents a scene the like of which is nowhere else witnessed. Around a fine Christmas tree, upon the Angell Memorial Fountain and fittingly decorated, at times crowding into the square in such numbers as to make traffic problems difficult for the extra detail of police officers, horses drawing their burdens, heaviest in the holiday season, mingle with those who feel that Christmas is the time to show one's regard and appreciation for the services of dumb animals, especially the horse, man's hardest working servant. In addition to the good dinner provided for the horses, steaming hot coffee and home-made doughnuts are unstintedly supplied for the drivers and their helpers.

The chief significance and value of the Horses' Christmas is in the effect that it has upon human kind. Even the spectator or the passerby is strikingly reminded that horses are not mere machines; that the better they are cared for, the more willing, serviceable, and efficient are they, and the more creditable to their owners. That is the impression that is conveyed far and wide by a "Horses' Christmas." It is a great, open-air, spectacular, public demonstration of humanity to dumb animals and as such it is worth many times what it costs in labor and expense.

Moving and still pictures were taken in great variety of the celebration in Boston, and will have been exhibited in theaters and in the press long before this issue reaches our readers.

THE WHITE SOUL

H. V. HARRIS

A NEGRO sat on the wagon seat, driving a pair of mules,
Trotting them briskly down the street, but observing the traffic rules,
When, suddenly stopping, he sprang to the ground, and I saw him from where I sat,
Raise from in front of the hoofs of his mules, somebody's half-grown cat.

He did not do, as some would have done, who think themselves quite humane,
Just throw the wee thing on the sidewalk and start off his team again,
But gently, yea even tenderly, he carried it off the street,
And, placing it on a store doorstep, returned to his wagon seat.

"A fanciful tale," some folks may say, but it happens to be quite true,
And I'm wondering if, as it did to me, the thought will occur to you
That, in spite of dark skin and curly hair, so plain to the outward sight,
The soul of the man I saw that day was unmistakably white.

UNSOLICITED

A FRIEND writes us:

"One of the most touching sights I ever witnessed and of which I have spoken many, many times, is the Christmas tree for horses in Post Office Square, Boston. I came on it suddenly one day on leaving an office where I was employed. I could scarcely believe my eyes. I think it is one of the most beautiful ideas I ever heard of—it beats every fairy story of which I ever read. I hope the persons responsible for the idea will have happiness all their lives."

* * *

IT was a happy, humane, holiday festival and of a kind that grows in popularity with each repetition.

* * *

THE *Boston Globe* said: "Post Office Square is becoming the stamping ground for persons who love horses. Daily they may be seen among the many wagons in the square, adding lump sugar to the monotonous menu of the horses. Many others line the Post Office steps and watch the feeding."

* * *

THE Society's officers handed out cards forewarning drivers of the danger of azoturia (blackwater) and giving instructions in first aid. This caution was of special importance in view of the two days' suspension from labor and the tendency to overfeed in some stables where not even a little exercise is likely to be given the horses after eating.

GIVING THE BIRDS A RECEPTION

SOON hosts of birds will be coming back to their summer homes from the far South. It will be a good idea to have bird-houses all ready and hanging up to welcome them. Indeed, this is a good way to stage a reception for the birds. The martin family and many others, will enjoy this reception very much and will not spurn your invitation, you may rest assured. They will pay you for your trouble in song and cheer and also by ridding early gardens of insect pests.

$135 in Cash Prizes for School Posters

Contest Open to All Pupils in High, Junior High, and Grammar Schools in Massachusetts

TO interest pupils in all public and private high, junior high, and grammar schools of Massachusetts in Be Kind to Animals Week, April 9 to 14, 1923, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals offers twelve cash prizes, amounting to $135, and twelve copies of interesting animal books, for the best posters submitted to it *before April 5, 1923*, under the following conditions:—

Class I. Open to pupils in high schools in Massachusetts. First prize, $20, cash. Second prize, $15, cash. Third prize, $10, cash. Fourth prize, copy of revised illustrated edition of "Beautiful Joe" (value $1.50). Fifth prize, bound volume of *Our Dumb Animals* (value, $1.25). Sixth prize, copy of "Michael Brother of Jerry," (value 75 cents).

Class II. Open to pupils in junior high schools in Massachusetts. First prize, $15, cash. Second prize, $10, cash. Third prize, $5, cash. Fourth, fifth and sixth prizes, same as in Class I.

Class III. Open to pupils in grades above the sixth in grammar schools of Massachusetts. Prizes identical with those in Class II.

Class IV. Open to pupils in the fifth and sixth grades in grammar schools of Massachusetts. Prizes identical with those in Class II.

The following subjects are offered as suggestions only:

1. The hospital for animals.
2. The rest farm for horses.
3. Ambulances for animals.
4. A Band of Mercy boy (or girl).
5. What the Jack London Club stands for.
6. Furs out of place.
7. The stray dog.
8. The unwanted cat.
9. Birds on hats.
10. Building bird-houses.
11. Feeding birds in winter.
12. The air-gun as an instrument of torture.
13. Hunting with the camera.
14. The horrors of trapping.
15. The horses' Christmas.
16. Tight checkreins.
17. Plight of the dock-tail horse.
18. The unnecessary blinder.
19. Our debt to the mule.
20. The cruel driver.
21. Protest against abusing animals.

Teachers will be able to offer additional help to their pupils, and should encourage them to present original ideas on the humane treatment of animals.

The posters should bring out the idea of kindness, and may or may not contain the words "Be Kind to Animals," or give the dates of Be Kind to Animals Week, April 9–14; Humane Sunday, April 15. Brief sentences or mottoes may also be used, but each poster should tell its own story in the picture.

The drawings may be pencil or crayon, pen and ink, cut out paper or silhouette, water color or charcoal. The use of colors is strongly recommended.

The drawings *must be within two inches of the standard size*, 14 x 20 inches, on cardboard or heavy paper, and shipped flat, to reach the offices of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. not later than Wednesday, April 4, 1923, and preferably before April 1. Posters entered in the contest cannot be returned, as all received become the property of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

The best posters, as in former years, will be exhibited in the Boston Public Library throughout Be Kind to Animals Week. Competent judges will determine the awards early in the week, and the prizes will be forwarded immediately.

The name of the contestant, name and address of the school, and the number of the grade, must be plainly written in the upper right corner *on the back* of each poster.

Address the posters to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

CAT SAVED THE FAMILY SILVER

THE intelligence of a cat, which so many persons are wont to doubt and not a few to deny altogether, is unquestionably proved by the following communication from a reader of *Our Dumb Animals:*—

"In the city of Buffalo, a friend of mine was awakened one night by the loud crying of her cat. The cat had been, as usual, shut up in the kitchen for the night. Several hours later her cries in the front hall of the house aroused the family, and they at once went downstairs to investigate and to learn how she got into that part of the house. They found the door into the hall open, and the two side doors to the house open also. Burglars had entered, but, hearing the family's voices, had fled precipitately. Some of the family silver was on the kitchen table, but in their sudden flight, they had left it behind.

"The cat knew something was wrong, and by her sharp cries of distress and alarm had caused the thieves to flee from the premises, and thus saved the family from the fright and nervous shock that would have resulted had they suddenly confronted the burglars, probably armed and ready to intimidate the family. I think such an instance of a cat's conduct is worth recording to the credit of the cat, who is so often unappreciated, neglected, and abused." MRS. EMMA ADAMS RICE,

Newton, Mass.

INSPIRATION

CLUB ROW

London's Open-Air Animal Market

HORACE WYNDHAM

MOST Londoners have heard of "Petticoat Lane," but comparatively few are familiar with its trading rival, Club Row. Yet, between the two is but a step, and the features of either are very similar.

Club Row stands in Bethnal Green, and, like Petticoat Lane (in adjacent Whitechapel), is given up to a street market. Similarly, its principal activities are carried out on Sunday mornings. These consist, for the most part, of the sale of dogs and other live stock. From end to end the narrow thoroughfare is wedged in by a dense mass of baskets and boxes and cages and stalls crammed with a miscellaneous assortment of the furred and feathered world. Unhappy little canaries, linnets, and larks beat their tired wings against the bars of cruelly small prisons; and cocks and hens and ducks and geese crow and quack and flap alongside them without stopping. Pigeons and doves are also held in bondage, together with cats and rabbits and squirrels, and such small fry as white mice and silkworms; and one may even chance upon a stray goat or two browsing contentedly in the gutter.

The portion of the market devoted to the sale of dogs is established at the western end. Every variety of the canine world is there—from substantial-looking mastiff pups to diminutive toy terriers that can be carried in the pocket. As a matter of fact, a good many of them are so carried. Thus, on the approach of a possible purchaser, a mysterious stranger will come up and whisper in a husky voice, "Want to buy a little dawg, guv'nor?" If encouraged, he will then produce from the depth of an outer garment what at first sight seems to be a yelping ball of fluff, but which eventually resolves itself into a mongrel of utterly unrecognizable breed. "This 'ere animal's a champion," he murmurs. "Worth 'is weight in gold. What about five pounds?"

Having intimated that you have no views whatever about any such sum, the would-be vendor will probably come down to as many shillings. Lots of dogs, indeed, here change hands for a few pence.

Touching the origin of some of the stock thus offered for sale, it is perhaps best not to enquire too closely. The fact is, a considerable number of canine pets that get "lost" in the West-end bear quite a remarkable resemblance to what the Club Row fanciers have to offer. There are stories, indeed, of sudden recognitions occurring when disconsolate owners of long vanished favorites have chanced to visit the district in order to buy a successor.

But, of course, this may be calumny.

BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK SUPPLEMENTS SENT FREE

FREE copies of the 1919 (twenty-four pages), 1921 (twelve pages), and 1922 (twenty pages) Be Kind to Animals Week Supplements issued by the Charleston, South Carolina, *American*, will be sent to any address upon application to Henry F. Lewith, P. O. Box 595, Charleston, South Carolina. These papers should interest all engaged in humane work, especially individuals or societies contemplating issuing Be Kind to Animals Supplements in connection with Be Kind to Animals Week, April 9 to 14, and Humane Sunday, April 15, 1923.

CONFINEMENT IS CRUELTY

CIRCUS animals and some birds are not the only ones which suffer from cruel confinement. Dogs kept closely confined in a pen or in the back yard for weeks and months at a time also suffer in this way. Have you not heard them mourning to escape? Especially are pointers and setters confined in this way to a large extent. These dogs are only used for a few months in the year by hunters, and given occasional exercise out of season. Many times they are kept in the back yard for several months at a time without ever being allowed to get outside. It is true that the owners do not want their dogs to leave them, but the animals should be taken out at least once a day and given exercise. Too close confinement will cause a dog to sicken and die.

HE FLEW BEFORE AEROPLANES DID

NO, we are not referring to birds. We mean that shy creature, the flying-squirrel. He was the first aerialist and was the forerunner of the parachute and the flying machine. It is probable that he taught early experimenters as much about flying as did birds. Do you know any other four-footed animal that flies? This squirrel is by nature a fly-by-night, as he does most of his flying after dark, although he will fly in the daytime if occasion arises. Woodsmen sawing down trees have seen them appear from a hole in a dead limb and fly out to safety before the tree fell. This little animal uses his tail as a rudder to guide him in his flight. He is able to fly because of membrane connecting feet and legs on either side. Some flying-squirrels are reddish colored, while others are gray. They are said to make good pets.

THE DAY I QUIT TRAPPING

JAMES FAULKNER

I WELL remember the day. It was years ago, but it all comes back to me as vividly as if it had happened yesterday. I was a boy in my teens, living with my parents on a farm in the Ozark Hills. There were twelve of us children in the family. Most of father's earnings went for necessaries of life leaving but little for luxuries, even at Christmas time; so I had fallen back on fur-bearing animals to supply me with money for such occasions.

One winter morning I set out across the hills to my traps. A light flurry of snow had fallen the night before, and the morning air was crisp, cold and penetrating. I found the first traps undisturbed, so I eagerly romped on to my last trap with expectancy. Sure enough, I found a large possum in it, but one look at the poor creature destroyed all the joy of my anticipation.

The springs of the trap had cut deep into the animal's leg, the skin was torn, and the flesh lacerated to the bone. The hairs of the nose were stiff and frosted from its frozen breath. The earth torn about indicated that the torture had been going on for hours. The anguish of this poor creature left imprinted on my mind a picture not easily forgotten. I soon put it out of misery, wondering that I had not opened my eyes to the cruelty and torture of trapping long before.

That day I pulled the stakes to my traps and took them home and threw them into the scrap-heap, vowing that my trapping days were over—Christmas money or no Christmas money.

The Motor Car of the Frozen North

HERBERT BEARDSLEY

A PICTURESQUE AND TYPICAL SCENE IN SIBERIA

THE several great tribes of natives who roam over a vast section of Arctic Siberia and Northeastern Asia, many thousands of miles from civilization, give their whole time to the raising and breeding of reindeer, the motor power of the frozen North. In fact, these animals, besides being their sole source of food, clothing, and transportation, play also an important part in their burial rites and in all of their ceremonies. These nomads can neither read nor write; they have no money, and no government. All trade is carried on exclusively by barter. They live out their nomadic lives in their own way, wandering around with their reindeer herds and living in skin tents.

The Siberian natives raise reindeer in immense numbers. They are the most successful breeders of them in the world. Their herds often number from two to five thousand head, and all the time and energy of the herdsmen and their families are devoted to keeping these herds together. For at least nine months in the year the camp is changed every few days, for the herds are continually kept on the move in search of fresh pasture. Large herds, especially, have to move forward after a few hours, and actually keep moving the whole winter. The herdsmen drive the flocks before them and wander with them for the entire time without shelter, carrying their spare clothing on their backs and living practically the same life as their animals. Reindeer cannot remain too long at one place, since the constant scraping of their hoofs hardens the snow, and thus makes difficult reaching the moss under it. They scrape the snow with the hoofs of their forefeet, the sharp rims and pointed ends of which penetrate even a very hard crust. Reindeer moss grows throughout the year, but, if too much trampled upon, it will wither and dry up.

If well pastured and not overworked, a trained, harnessed reindeer is swift, and a pair can make one hundred miles a day, provided the snow is thin and hard on the tundra. When tired, the deer must be given immediate rest. If compelled to make further efforts to travel, they will become exhausted and often drop dead on the spot. Among the reindeer people all trade is carried on exclusively by barter.

THE SEASON OF DEATH

MARGUERITE BURRILL

IT is the season of Death; amid the leafless forest trees the wood-folk crouch, knowing that they, too, are but "things that must die ere this grim time is past." All day long the pale sun shines down upon the woeful scene, and through the graying forest stalks the valiant son of man—to kill! From sunrise until sunset the sharp report of the "death-stick" is in the air. But listen—it does not always kill! Beneath the glory of God's sunset "they who were by Him created" come to die. And so night falls at last, and the gaunt trees sigh their pity. Hungry wood babies who have peered anxiously all day long for mother, press close together to begin that long sleep that will not end. Comes the tinkle of broken ice as a wounded rabbit limps into the open, leaving a little bloody trail behind. Comes the flutter of the wings of a crippled pheasant dabbled with blood, returning to his loved glen to die. And so the day is past, and with the rising of tomorrow's sun, another day as fraught with terror will be born, for there is no mercy, no compassion, when the son of man goes forth to kill, in this—the season of Death—when the eye of God looks down in pity.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

FEBRUARY, 1923

FOR TERMS see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. *Full return postage* should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

THE TERROR OF DEATH

IT is an unsettled question whether or not animals awaiting slaughter suffer a mental terror, while watching their fellows struck down, or bleeding to death, in their presence. Galsworthy, the well-known English writer, recently visited a slaughter-house where, as is usually the case, the animals to be killed were driven into the pens where they witnessed the slaughter of those preceding them. It is always a case of "We who are about to die." Galsworthy believes that pigs, at least, are terrified by such sights. If this be true, and who shall say it is not, then in addition to the unnecessary suffering caused by our present method of killing, we must add this mental terror needlessly inflicted upon these animals sacrificed by us.

THE STOCK-YARDS OF LOS ANGELES

THE general manager of the Los Angeles Union Stock-yards is quoted as saying that the expectation is that Los Angeles will ultimately have as large a market for cattle, sheep, and swine as the one now in Chicago known as the Great Central Market. Around this California market it is hoped to build up a vast packing establishment where the animals will be slaughtered.

There is this relief to the sad picture that rises before one's mind as he contemplates what all this means, and that is that hundreds of thousands of animals will be spared the suffering of long, exhausting journeys by rail to places of slaughter. The truth of this is seen in the statement of the General Manager that the number of spring lambs from the Imperial Valley of California to eastern slaughtering points amounted to 235,000 head a year. One solution of some of the most difficult problems connected with the lessening of the sufferings of animals in transportation has been the destruction of them at abattoirs near the places where they have been raised.

* * *

Protect the birds
That eat the insects
That destroy the forests
That preserve the waters
That feed the streams
That fill the reservoirs
That irrigate the lands
That produce the crops
That supply the markets
That provide the foods
That nourish the people
Who make the laws.

THE DEATH OF A PIG

OVER against the fact that approximately 60,000,000 pigs are killed annually in this country—all of them, with rarest exception, by the knife driven into their throat—put this statement by the celebrated English physiologist, Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson: "To them (pigs) is commonly given a severe degree of physical pain. When they are killed by the knife alone they die by a hemorrhage that may extend with persistent consciousness over three or four minutes of time." One has but to think of the sum total of this unnecessary suffering to understand the demand of humane societies that it cease.

Of course, each pig suffers only his three minutes, but the suffering of 60,000,000 pigs means every year 342 years of wholly needless pain.

Who wonders that we have called the treatment of our food animals in the slaughter-houses of the United States, "The Great Cruelty"?

A MILLION IN KINDNESS

WHEN Henry A. Dix, of New York, having made his fortune, recently turned his business yielding a revenue of a million a year over to his employees, and in addition lent them $250,000 with which to carry on the business, he must have experienced one of the rarest joys of life. But giving away seems to have been a habit. Years ago he gave his large country estate as a summer home for working girls and endowed it with a hundred thousand dollars. It appears he has always been trying in various ways to share his profits with his employees. We understand he has had no labor troubles in his factory. We wonder if he likes animals. We venture that he does.

PASTEUR AND RELIGION

THE president of one of our leading universities said to us recently that we are facing, among many of our students, a growing conviction that no man can be abreast of modern scientific thought and progress and retain his faith in the great essentials of Christianity.

Yet the whole scientific world is honoring today that famous French scientist, Louis Pasteur, who remained, till the end, a loyal member of the Catholic Church, and found nothing in his scientific inventions that dimmed his faith in the fundamental teachings of Christianity. Occasionally some reviewer of his life in these anniversary days speaks of this, but the most of them fail to mention it.

PUBLIC LIBRARY OFFICIALS

THE courtesy of the officials of the Boston Public Library in connection with the annual poster contest of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. for Be Kind to Animals Week is very greatly appreciated. For several years we have exhibited the best of the many school posters received, at the Boston Library. In response to our request that a similar privilege be given this year, we have received the following letter from Mr. Charles Belden, the librarian:

"In reply to your letter of December 21 with reference to an exhibition of posters for the 'Be Kind to Animals Week,' we shall be pleased to reserve the week of April 9, 1923, for this purpose."

"TELL IT NOT IN GATH"

YET it ought to be told. Many will remember the story of what was called "the race riot" in Phillips County, Arkansas, in 1919. The facts have been carefully obtained by the National Association for the Advancement of the Colored People. When the colored witnesses were being examined by a committee of "leading Helena business men and officials" whose names are given in the report, for the purpose of deciding who should be executed for alleged crime, we are given the following statement by the representative of the Association above referred to:

"If evidence satisfactory to said Committee was not given they would be sent out and certain of their keepers would take them to a room in the jail which was immediately adjoining, and a part of the Court House building where said Committee was sitting, and torture them by beating and whipping them with leather straps with metal in them, cutting the blood at every lick until the victims would agree to testify to anything their torturers demanded of them; that there was also provided in said jail, to frighten and torture them, an electric chair, in which they would be put naked and the current turned on to shock and frighten them into giving damaging statements against themselves and others, also strangling drugs were put up their noses for the same purpose, and by these methods and means false evidence was extorted from Negroes."

Comment is unnecessary.

A WINNING RACE

NO race known to history has made the progress during any sixty years made by the colored race since the days of emancipation. *The Pathfinder* is authority for the following:

According to a recent report, in the last sixty years Negroes in this country have acquired 22,000,000 acres of land, 600,000 homes and 45,000 churches. They operate 78 banks and 100 insurance companies, besides 70,000 other business enterprises, with a capital of $150,000,000. Owing to the large number of schools and colleges for colored children, illiteracy has been reduced to less than 27 per cent.

LYNCHING

THE average Northerner would probably say that the great majority of the lynchings in the South were because of some Negro's assault upon a white woman. What are the facts? Of the 3,465 lynchings in the United States during the past thirty-eight years, only in 581 cases was there even the accusation of such a crime. During these same thirty-eight years 83 *women* have been lynched in this country. Of this number, 66 were colored. Of the total 3,465 who suffered death by this inhuman practice, 2,718 were Negroes—of course, American citizens.

* * *

It is a fact that in every community where Be Kind to Animals Week has been observed, animal conditions have improved.

* * *

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be replaced on application.

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

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JOHN R. MACOMBER, President of Harris, Forbes and Company

Prosecuting Officers in Boston

Telephone (Complaints, Ambulances) Brookline 6100

L. WILLARD WALKER, *Chief Officer*

HARRY L. ALLEN — DAVID A. BOLTON
HARVEY R. FULLER — AMBROSE F. NOWLIN
THEODORE W. PEARSON — WILLIAM ENOS
WALTER B. POPE — L. A. LECAIN

MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated	752
Animals examined	5,698
Number of prosecutions	14
Number of convictions	11
Horses taken from work	72
Horses humanely put to sleep	152
Small animals humanely put to sleep	442
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	59,721
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	251

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of $300 from Mrs. Evangeline Swan of Springfield; $200 from Roswell L. Douglas of Brookline; $200 (additional) from Charles W. Cook of Boston; and $30 (additional) from Emily S. Neal of Boston.

It has received gifts of $100 each from P. P., Mrs. M. A. R. H., Mrs. L. D. M., and H. H. W.; $75 from Mrs. M. H.; $50 each from Mrs. D. M. and Mrs. E. C. C.; $35 from Mrs. J. H. S., and $35 from G. F., in memory of "Boy"; $26 from C. and G. S.; $25 each from Mrs. C. H. W., Miss C. L. D., E. L. P., B. L. C., in memory of her mother C. S. D., A. H. W., Miss M. J. C., Miss M. W., M. J., A. F. H., R. J., Miss C. W. B., and F. A. H.; and $20 each from J. H. C., W. W. C., F. A. D., Mrs. G. N. T., A. W. W., C. F. E., Mrs. E. S., and Beaulet Wilson Hazzard, Monongahela, Pa.

The Society has been remembered in the wills of Miss Anna B. Barlow of Brookline, Mary Ellen O'Connor of Boston, and James A. Blaisdell of Lynn.

January 9, 1923.

* * *

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.
RAYMOND WELLS, V.M.D.
D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Treatment for sick or injured animals.

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR DECEMBER

Hospital		Free Dispensary	
Cases entered	509	Cases	571
Dogs	325	Dogs	406
Cats	136	Cats	152
Horses	41	Birds	5
Birds	4	Horses	3
Goats	2	Guinea pigs	2
Rabbit	1	Rabbit	1
		Monkey	1
		Squirrel	1
Operations	267		

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15, 31,375
Free Dispensary cases 38,733

Total 70,108

HOW ABOUT THE HUNTER?

THE following would be painful reading, even to a hardened hunter, did he know the responsibility was upon his head:

BRATTLEBORO, VT., Dec. 13. A big buck, wounded so badly in the nose during the deer hunting season last month that he has not been able to eat since, was found yesterday standing in a brook in the wilderness between East Dover and South Newfane, and following a rescue by two men, died late last night from starvation.

HORSE WHICH FELL INTO BOSTON HARBOR AND WAS NOT FOUND TILL 37 HOURS LATER. TAKEN TO ANGELL HOSPITAL WHERE HE FULLY RECOVERED FROM THE LONG EXPOSURE

WHAT HAMPDEN, THE ACTOR, DID

A TRIBUTE to Walter Hampden, the eminent actor, was given recently by a man who chanced to be in the wings watching a performance of "The Merchant of Venice," at His Majesty's Theater in Toronto.

During the trial scene in which Hampden as Shylock was being scored and condemned by the judge, the theater cat walked across the stage and began to rub and purr around Hampden's feet, much to the amusement of the audience. Through all the subsequent dramatic plea from Shylock, the cat persisted in its friendly overtures. At the instant of his final exit, Hampden picked the cat up and walked off stage with the offending feline in his arms, and reaching the wings, he put it down with a kindly stroke.

The manager, expecting an explosion of temper, rushed back-scenes and whispered anxiously to a stage-hand, "Did he *say* anything?"

"Not a word," was the answer, "he just put her down and walked away."

To a man long inured to the self-stressing and temperamental outbursts of "stars," this seemed a display of truly noble character and self-control. "But," he added, "Walter Hampden could not be the son of his fine, scholarly father and do otherwise."

MORE OF THE ANIMAL PANELS

SO great has been the demand for the sets of six panels, relating to kindness to animals, that we have had to order a fourth consignment from the Child Welfare Association of New York City.

A prominent Humane Society executive writes to us about them as follows: "What little experience I have had along this line leads me to feel that the school people are delighted with the set of Child Welfare posters, and it seems to me that it is a good bit of advertising for humane work with a lasting value as they are carefully hung on the walls and remain there for a long time."

They are hand-lithographed on heavy paper, 17 x 28 inches, and sold only in complete sets, the price being $3.15, post-paid.

Address, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

APPEAL

THROUGH a correspondent in Lima, Peru, we have learned of the value of one set of humane education panels sent to that city. There is need of more of these panels in the schools and public places of Lima.

Here is an opportunity to help, and it is hoped that our readers will respond generously. One set of the six panels can be delivered to Lima for $3.15. Contributions may be sent to the American Humane Education Society.

A FEW CALENDARS LEFT

DID you get your Humane Calendar for 1923? We have a few left. The picture of a girl and dog is attractive. The leaves of the pad contain humane sentiments and helpful suggestions for the care of animals. A copy should be in every schoolroom in the country. The price is 20 cents per single copy, two for 35 cents, twelve for $1.80, postpaid. Write today, before the supply is exhausted. Address, American Humane Education Society, Boston.

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY
GLORY TO GOD, PEACE ON EARTH, KINDNESS, JUSTICE AND MERCY TO EVERY LIVING CREATURE.

American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see last page. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

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Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. May L. Hall, *Secretary*

Foreign Corresponding Representatives

Nicasia Zulaica C. ..... Chile
Mrs. Jeannette Ryder ..... Cuba
Toufik Chamie ..... Damascus, Syria
Mrs. Florence H. Suckling ..... England
Edward Fox Sainsbury ..... France
William B. Allison ..... Guatemala
Mrs. Lillian Kohler ..... Jamaica
Mrs. Mary P. E. Nitobé ..... Japan
Mrs. Marie C. S. Houghton ..... Madeira
Mrs. Myrta Keeler Campbell ..... Mexico
Mrs. Alice W. Manning ..... Turkey
D. D. Fitch ..... Venezuela

Field Workers of the Society

Rev. Richard Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Blanche Finley, Columbia, South Carolina
Mrs. Ora Brown Stokes, Richmond, Virginia

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M. S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

ITALIAN SOCIETY NEEDS FUNDS

THE Rome Society for the Protection of Animals, 66 Piazza di Spagna, Rome, Italy, is in great need of funds, as wages are constantly rising there. Mr. Leonard Hawksley, honorary director, writes: "We have to pay our men no less than eleven times the wages that we gave them fifteen years ago, while since the war our income is greatly reduced owing to bad trade and high taxation in America and England."

This is but one more of the worthy appeals constantly coming to our attention, but some of our readers, we hope, will be so interested in Mr. Hawksley's work as to forward their contributions to him, at the address given above.

* * *

Plan now for Be Kind to Animals Week, April 9-14, 1923.

GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN MANILA

Wife of Governor-General Comments on Condition of Animals

IT is gratifying to know that, as honorary president of the Philippine S. P. C. A., Mrs. Leonard Wood is taking an active interest in the work of the Society. At a recent meeting she stated that the improvement in the condition of animals on the streets of Manila since she was there before was astounding, and she praised the Society for what it has accomplished. Among its activities are the prosecution of drivers for using high checkreins, investigating slaughter-houses and making recommendations for improvements, and looking after the shipping of cattle on slow trains in crowded cars, with lack of water. The Society has had several prosecutions of persons impersonating its agents. The Band of Mercy movement is making marked progress in the schools, several high officials having heartily endorsed it.

HUMANE EDUCATION IN CALIFORNIA

THE State Superintendent of Schools in California, in his last program for the annual gathering of superintendents, inserted the following:

Humane Education

The laws of California require that lessons in humane education be given in all elementary grades. Just how to handle the teaching of this subject which has for its object the establishment of the right relation of human beings toward the brute creation is a problem. However, we must attempt to solve it. I wish to suggest that you find out which teachers in your schools are doing the best and most effective work along the lines of humane education, then select one of such teachers to present the matter at the teachers' institute. What we need in the teaching of this subject is more practice and less preaching. Your teachers can tell how to handle the problem if given opportunity.

Much credit for this increasing interest in humane education in these schools must be given our California worker, Mrs. Alice Park.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Charles G. Bancroft, president of the International Trust Company, Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details.

$50 IN PRIZES FOR BEST CARTOONS

"Be Kind to Animals" Theme to Appear in Newspapers or Magazines

TO emphasize the lessons of Be Kind to Animals Week, April 9 to 14, and of Humane Sunday, April 15, 1923, the American Humane Education Society of Boston offers

Fifty dollars in cash prizes

to the makers of the best cartoons, illustrating kindness to animals, which are actually published in any periodical between February 1 and April 20, 1923. Such cruelties as hunting, trapping, the trained animal performance, rodeos, abuse or neglect of domestic animals, etc., may be treated in the drawings. There will be two prizes:

First prize, thirty-five dollars in cash
Second prize, fifteen dollars in cash

Each contestant, whether or not a prize winner, will receive a year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*, the official organ of the Society offering the prizes. The contest is open for the publication of cartoons at any time from now until April 20, 1923, although it is especially desired that such cartoons be published during Be Kind to Animals Week, April 9 to 14, and Humane Sunday, April 15. The page of the newspaper or magazine, containing the printed cartoon, and date of its publication, must be received by the Cartoon Contest Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, not later than April 30, 1923, with the full name and address of the cartoonist plainly written or printed. Original drawings of the cartoons may also be sent, but it is the *printed cartoon* only that can be entered in the contest.

Periodicals everywhere are asked to publish the terms of this Be Kind to Animals Cartoon Contest, and in every way possible bring it to the attention of the cartoonists.

The names of the winners, and reproductions of the winning cartoons, will appear in the issue of *Our Dumb Animals* for June, 1923.

A NEWSPAPER FEATURE

IN the Christmas edition of the *Daily News-Chronicle*, Port Arthur, Ontario, Be Kind to Animals Week is anticipated with a page display of various wild and domestic animals in outline. The newspaper offers three cash prizes amounting to $10, to boys and girls who most successfully color the animals according to their natural markings. The page contains also several brief articles under the caption, "Be Kind to Animals." Editors of newspapers in the United States wishing to try this novel feature, should write for a copy of the *News-Chronicle* of December 16, 1922.

TRUE ANIMAL TALES CONTEST

THE Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has received a letter from Captain E. G. Fairholme, chief secretary of the Royal S. P. C. A., London, England, asking for full information regarding the True Animal Tales Contest conducted by the Philadelphia organization. Captain Fairholme, who had read of the contest in *Our Dumb Animals*, wrote that he wished the information in order to consider the practicability of starting a similar contest in that country.

* * *

Humane Sunday, April 15, 1923.

A MONGREL

MRS. T. W. BROWN

BILLY, *my dog, is mongrel bred,*
But his heart is a heart of gold,
And his love as true as ever they knew
In the dauntless days of old.

Billy, my dog, is a common cur,
And wanting in pedigree;
But there never was knight more brave in fight
In defense of his own than he.

Billy, my dog, is a watchman bold,
And the thief or the robber grim
Who would throttle myself to steal my pelf,
Must reckon first with him.

Dogs and men, I have known them long;
But give me a comrade true
Who will never betray or turn away,
And, Billy, old boy, it is you!
Yes, Billy, old boy, it is you!

AN AIREDALE'S AMAZING ACT

THE Airedale who saved the life of his mate, a large setter, by snatching him off the railway tracks near Cincinnati only an instant before a B. & O. train whizzed over the spot, performed a very remarkable and heroic act. There can be no question about this. There were at least two reliable witnesses of the rescue who reported the facts, which were substantially as follows:

Both dogs belonged to one owner. They had been inseparable companions. The setter was subject to fits, and when the locomotive gave its warning whistle, he was suddenly stricken, and dropped between the rails paralyzed. The Airedale was a smaller dog, but quick and wiry. All of this breed are fast workers. The Airedale grasped the situation instinctively, if you must have it so, but with every indication of rapid reasoning. His mental processes prompted him to act instantly and desperately. He achieved his purpose. He seized his mate by the back of the neck and dragged him over the rail, not a second too soon, and then down the declivity to a safe place; there to revive him from coma by licking him with his tongue. The account of this rescue at once stirred up the old controversy of instinct versus reason in the dog among psychologists and dog fanciers. It is our opinion that one need not be either of these to discern and determine intelligence and reason in the animal that has associated himself closest with man.

ARCTIC DOG TRAVELS 22,000 MILES

THE noted Arctic explorer, Alexander M. Smith, who is visiting in Seattle, is justly proud of his dog "Slim," and his pride is justifiable, for Slim helped pull his master over 22,000 miles of Arctic ice fields and frozen tundra in the past five years, according to the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*. Slim, however, is good for considerable mileage yet, his master says. The dog is enjoying his first visit to civilization.

Slim is apparently lonesome for companionship with breed of his sort, says Smith. He seems to have a contempt for the city-bred dogs, less than half his size, that wouldn't know a cache from a caribou.

Slim has spent all of his six years of canine existence within the Arctic circle.

Punishment of Dogs

L. E. EUBANKS

MOST dogs, particularly high-bred ones, are like children; the spirit of reproof is the main thing, in their correction; brutality is as illogical as it is unjust.

But assuming that your dog will, on rare occasions, need a little corporal punishment, switch him on the legs. Never use anything heavier than a switch or a light riding whip, and never strike your pet about the head. To hit the dog with your fist or foot—well, we won't talk about such a contemptible thing.

And not even the lightest punishment—that is, with physical application—should be administered until the puppy is six months old. Up to that time you should depend solely on verbal reprimand, which, in a large percentage of cases, will make real punishment in later life unnecessary.

A dog's spirit is easily broken, and then you have a cowardly, soured disposition to deal with. Far better is it to rely on love and kindness, making most of his teaching positive rather than negative. Constant scolding of a dog, especially if your voice is loud and hard, always telling him *not* to do so-and-so, gives him the wrong viewpoint; he finally figures that there is nothing pleasant to look forward to, not even in his relations with his master; he comes to see life as just one long lane of "don'ts."

Another thing you have to think seriously of before whipping your dog is the state of his health. It is far harder for him to grasp the meaning of your desires and commands when he is ill—just as it is hard for you and me to put our mind on some study when our eyes pain or our stomach aches. You must know that the dog's special senses are sound; if he does not hear well or is very near-sighted, you should not abuse him for these misfortunes. Many dogs are whipped for ignoring orders when the poor fellows are not wilfully mean or dense, but only a little deaf. We'd think it pretty tough, you and I, to be scolded for not answering an order that we had not even heard.

Never whip or scold a dog unless you are sure he knows the reason. Since you cannot tell him what happened a day or two before, as a parent might talk to a child, it is necessary to catch him in the act. None but immediate reprimand will do any good at all. If you cannot correct your pet at the time, wait until the offense is repeated, and *never* punish him when you are angry. Do not let temper enter into the matter at all.

When you have switched the dog for disobedience, do not make up immediately; to do so destroys most of the lesson's value. Pay no more attention to him for a while, and let him think it over. After an hour or so, or perhaps the next day, he will approach you with overtures of friendship, and you must then meet him half way. Don't be mistaken, he has not forgotten; a dog has a good memory and surprising power to think things out. He will usually know, after deliberation, that you were right. The less frequently reprimand is applied, the more effective it will be when it is used.

FROGS AND TOADS

FROGS and toads are certainly entitled to our protection on account of the good they do in destroying vast numbers of insects and worms. The toads do this in the gardens and the frogs in marshy places, where the air, on account of flies and other insects, would be almost unfit to breathe without the services they render. The Department of Agriculture estimates the value of one toad to be twenty dollars a year.

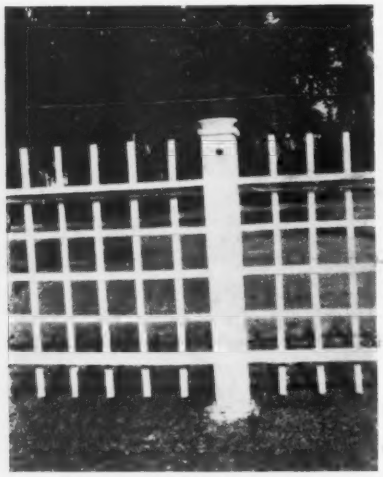
TWO OF THE 120 DOG PATIENTS IN THE ANGELL ANIMAL HOSPITAL, BOSTON

A WREN HOUSE IN A POST

FRANCES HIGGINS

ALTHOUGH we put out ten new nesting boxes in the spring for the birds of our garden, we soon found that we were lacking in sufficient accommodations for the wrens. These tiny members of the feathered tribes display here, as they do the world over, a habit of building both false and true nests. They constructed their rough little nurseries not only in the boxes designed for them, but in many others as well, even usurping an apartment in the martin's flat-building. We knew they could not occupy them all.

Yet, realizing their fondness for a goodly number of homes as we never had before, we soon found an opportunity for supplying them. This came about with the construction of a fence between the lawn and the vegetable



garden. As the picture shows, the supporting posts for the lattice panels were square in shape, and hollow from the top rail upwards. So in some half dozen of the posts we converted this space into private apartments for the wrens, making the openings on the east, or garden side.

It is needless to say that one of these apartments de luxe was soon occupied by a pair of little brown tenants. In due time it sheltered the second brood of wren babies. False nests were promptly built in two of the other flats, but they were never entirely completed, nor at any time occupied, so far as we know. We noted with some degree of satisfaction that these tenants of ours obtained their food almost entirely from the garden, making constant warfare on the many insect pests to be found there during the season. In fact they proved so desirable that we were only too glad to supply them with a private bath on the roof free of charge. This is shown in the picture.

* * *

Cats, dogs, and other domestic animals often suffer abuse at the hands of children who have not been taught to treat them kindly, and who handle them roughly without meaning to be cruel. Little kittens especially suffer in this way, as also do puppies, guinea pigs, rabbits and birds. Many parents do not realize that there is no surer way to teach a child to be unselfish and thoughtful for others than to make him considerate of the feelings of his pets.

A Partridge Risks Her Life

M. J. PHILLIPS

I JUMPED, because right from under my feet a little brown partridge that had been sitting on her nest hidden close under the side of a big log, in a pile of dead leaves, dashed away from fright, making a loud noise most unexpectedly. She had heard me coming when I was several hundred feet away, and had watched me, keeping very quiet, doubtless hoping that I would go by on the other side of the log.

There were twelve little partridges cuddled up snugly under her wings, and she was anxious that no harm should come to them, just as any other mother would be. She even might have considered remaining very still if I had gone by on her side of the log in case I was six or so feet away, because Nature had given her brown feathers very much the same shade of color as that of the dead leaves and old log, in order that she might more easily escape discovery when either on or near her nest. Knowing this fact, she perhaps did not intend to race away unless it became absolutely necessary.

But my big army shoes were tramping heavily as I came on right towards her. Her heart must have been beating loud, because she could easily have escaped since she saw me when I was still a long distance away, but what was she to do with her babies? She couldn't pick them up and run, and she was too loyal to run and leave them in danger.

She waited until I was about to step on her before she moved. In the meantime, in some manner she explained the danger to her little brood and instructed them what to do in case she had to leave them. Then, just as I was about to step on her, with a loud flapping of wings, she pretended to fly away, but so slowly that I raced after her, which was just what she wanted me to do. In that way, she was leading me away from her babies and giving them time to hunt hiding-places. I raced on, thinking I might catch her, but in a moment she knew that her little partridges were in all probability safely hidden, and flew away from me easily.

She, however, had risked her own life in order to save them, because she did not know whether I was the kind of man that always carried a gun when in the woods and shot at every little wild thing I might see, which I could easily have done in her case, since she flew so slowly at first.

When she was getting away from me rapidly, I thought of the little partridges which I was certain were in the nest, since it was the time of the year when partridge babies were to be found if one had sharp eyes, and raced back, but the nest was empty. There were broken pieces of egg shells close by, which were telltales. I decided that there were little partridges hidden under leaves and pieces of bark, even in grasses partly covered with dead leaves close by. I knew they were very young because the broken shells looked as if they might have been pushed out of the nest that very day.

After a few moments of very careful looking, I found one little fellow partly hidden under a big dead oak leaf, with his bill pushed down into the soft forest soil. He was as still as could be. He didn't make a move for fear he would attract my attention. I picked him up tenderly, looked at him just a moment, then put him down gently because I could feel his heart beating, and knew that he was badly frightened, and slipped away, being very careful where I stepped for fear I might put my heavy shoe down on one.

I knew his mother was not far away; that she was at that very moment watching and listening from somewhere, and that she would come back as soon as I had gone and call softly. I wanted to hide somewhere and watch her, but she would have seen me and would not have come back.

However, after she had called a time or two, first one came out of hiding, then another and another, until all had come. She clucked

THE RUFFED GROUSE

soothingly and they understood that she would spread her wings and keep them warm until they were over their scare, but one of them had something strange about it. She put her head down and smelled around it; then pecked at it, a most unusual thing for this little loving partridge mother to do, as much as to say, "I don't want you; go away," and she actually pushed it away with her bill, as if punishing it for something. It sat off to the side alone until the wind had blown away a peculiar smell about it that she could not understand, but feared very much.

When the human hand had stroked it, the odor of perspiration clung to it, and she, like other wild things, had learned to fear very greatly the odor of human perspiration that by sad experience was associated with the frightful noises of guns and sufferings from wounds and death when shot at. She had never suffered in this manner directly, but somehow understood from other partridges, including her mother, that it is always wise to fly hard whenever this smell is perceived on the wind or about trees and stumps, and to her amazement, the odor was about her baby, but the wind was blowing briskly that afternoon, and soon blew away the dreadful odor. Later, when the little lonely fellow crept up to his mother, the smell had gone, and she almost pushed him under her wings, so happy was she. She couldn't understand; neither did he.

THE CROW'S NEST

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER

THE crows! They're cawing in the meadow-lot;
They're talking in a language that I know!
They haunt again the old familiar spot
When thorn-buds snowy in the thickets blow,
And all the world with summer-time is blest!
The crows! I love them tripping to and fro
For twig and vine to mend the woodland nest!

It seems so crude—high in the beechnut tree:
A bit of bramble, twisted weed and straw;
Some mud from eddies where the minnows be,
And silk such as the teasing fall winds draw
From ripened pods in faded lane and lea;
So crude, uncouth, but standing well the test
Of storms that shake the forest like the sea,
A floating wisp, a rocking cradle-nest!

Oh, often, Mother, we have watched it cling
When leaves are fallen low and woods are bare;
We've seen it in the first gray days of spring,
And in the winter's bleak and bitter air!
We've seen the tall old beech above the rest,
Its lonely top against a sunset glare,
Upholding still a sad forsaken nest!

And now, when hawthorns whiten all the hills;
When golden warmth breathes in the earth once more;
When glimmerings come of smiling daffodils;
And wide upon its hinges stands the door,
We hail the coming of an airy guest
To yonder beech so proudly towering o'er
The forest with its bramble-builded nest!

A Word for the Crow

ALVIN M. PETERSON

THE crow has long been considered a fair target for every man and every boy with some sort of a firearm in his possession. Traps are set and grains poisoned in order to destroy them. Large numbers are killed in various ways, but this is counter-balanced by the natural yearly increase in the crow population. Crows are very shrewd birds, and as a consequence are not killed in sufficient numbers to threaten the extinction of the species. In a match of wits, they generally get the best of a man.

The crow has been a marked bird mainly because it makes raids on fields of sprouting corn. It also must be admitted that it robs the nests of other birds. However, it should be remembered that it does a great deal of good destroying harmful insects. T. Gilbert Pearson says that if all knew the truth about the American crow, his friends would far outnumber his foes.

Young crows are easily managed and often make attractive pets. The young of certain birds are hard to handle because they scratch, bite, and in other ways make themselves disagreeable. But young crows are quiet and peaceful and take things as they come. "Familiarity," in their case, does not "breed contempt." Rather familiarity with them results in a let-alone policy. The youngsters are at first very ugly, but they improve wonderfully in appearance when they get their first suit of shiny black feathers.

YOUNG CROWS PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. PETERSON

We discovered the youngsters shown in the picture when they were but a few days old. About two weeks later, we lowered them to the ground and took their pictures. We photographed them at intervals of two or three days for a period of more than two weeks until they finally left the nest. It was with genuine regret that we saw them off into the great outdoor world. We had enjoyed visiting them and taking their pictures. They, in turn, had always acted much like other well-mannered birds with the best of reputations.

FLOCKS OF BIRDS CROSS THE SEA

THOUSANDS of American land birds, blown out to sea by unfavorable winds, sought safety on the decks of the Cunard liner Scythia on her November trip from New York, staying on board until she docked in Liverpool, according to the *New York Evening Post*. When misfortune overtook the feathered travelers they were migrating, probably, from the North Atlantic states to the Caribbean. Many of them arrived in England, thousands of miles from their destination.

The great flock, several thousand in number, settled on the Scythia's decks when the steamer was about four hundred miles from the American shore, and transformed her into a floating aviary. Wild canaries, robins, linnets, thrushes, sandpipers, and juncos fluttered around the decks, perched on the rigging, and even penetrated the lounges and engine room. The passengers and crew cared for them, giving them warmth, food, and shelter, but, even so, many of the smaller birds died from exhaustion. Three owls and a score of pigeons were easily captured.

Old sea travelers said they never had known birds to alight before in such large numbers on a single ship.

GUINEAS DESTROY BOLL WEEVILS

THE common guinea fowl, seen in the barnyard, or observed about farm homes, is now reported to be even more useful than formerly. It is said that the guinea is especially effective in ridding a cotton field of boll weevils. Several of these fowls will eat an amazing number of these weevils in the course of a day, reports one who recently made an investigation. It is to be hoped that guineas will solve the boll weevil problem.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other Society of a similar character.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, to The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

FEATHERED FRIENDS AS GARDENERS

R. S. WEST

IF you want to have a successful garden this spring you do not want to overlook the fact that a dozen or so feathered friends are ready and willing to help you. They will work for you free of charge, and will even pay you in song for the privilege of helping to make your garden more successful. After you have been working your garden, if you watch closely, you will see a number of these assistants fly down on the newly-turned earth and begin to pick up and eat or fly away with the worms and bugs. Then, when the vegetables are growing nicely, your friends will be busy picking off harmful insects of all kinds, making the vegetables healthier. They will be working in your garden early in the morning, through the day, and also late in the day. In fact, it is a hard job trying to have a garden without the help of these bird gardeners.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See last page for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Six hundred and eight new Bands of Mercy were reported in December. Of these, 156 were in schools of Georgia; 141 in schools of Massachusetts; 122 in schools of West Virginia; 84 in schools of Texas; 57 in schools of Rhode Island; 30 in schools of Minnesota; 15 in schools of Maine; and one each in schools of Mexico, Iowa, and Connecticut.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 140,671

* * *

A REPORT has been received from Guadalajara, Mexico, that a Band of Mercy has been formed among the children of the second year of the School of Practice, annexed to the Teachers' Normal. The association is called "La Abeja" (The Bee).

A BRAVE BOY IN QUITO, ECUADOR

THERE is a little lad, only seven years old, who is a member of the new Band of Mercy organized in Quito, Ecuador, who possesses the true spirit of Henry Bergh. When this boy saw a man beating his horse, he courageously stepped out and asked him to stop. A crowd gathered to listen to the humane sermon being preached by a tiny lad of seven. Among the listeners was a wealthy native of Quito, who upheld the little fellow and severely reprimanded the man who had been ill-treating his horse.

BANDS IN SOFIA, BULGARIA

LESS than two years ago Miss E. C. Clarke, a member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, formed a Band of Mercy in Sofia, Bulgaria. Since then two other Bands have been started quite independently, not knowing of Miss Clarke's organization, or of each other until recently. All three Bands lately came together and held a joint meeting. Now they are planning to call a joint meeting of adults to form a society that will be able to take up energetically the organization of Bands of Mercy and also work for much needed legislation along humane lines.

* * *

A common and cruel neglect of cats is leaving them behind when families move or go away. Cats learn to depend on their friends and regard the home as their own. Their only idea is to stay and dumbly await their friends' return. So they often suffer from thirst and fear and cruel treatment by strangers, and sometimes starve to death.

CALIFORNIA BUTTERFLY KNOWN AS THE "ZEBRA"

A BIG BUTTERFLY

W. A. DAVIS

CALIFORNIA does not boast of many butterflies, especially in that portion of the country near the Pacific Ocean. The nights, owing to their low temperature, are not favorable to their increase. There are, however, a goodly number of several varieties among which is one known as the "zebra" butterfly on account of its peculiar markings. The one represented in the photograph is, presumably, a freak "zebra" butterfly. Its shape indicates that, yet it lacks the proper markings, except along the edges of the wings. This beautiful creature measures nearly seven inches from one tip of the wing to the other, and the writer almost had to use force to protect it from a collector who sought to impale the harmless insect upon a pin for the purpose of fastening its poor dead body upon a card.

THE BUTTERFLY'S WINGS

L. E. EUBANKS

BUTTERFLIES are often compared to flowers, because of their wonderful and beautiful coloring, and because they are both summer products.

But there is a still better reason than similarity in color. It may be news to some of you who have not examined these tiny creatures that the male butterfly has a faint, though distinct scent. If you brush your finger over the wing of a common white butterfly, you will find it covered with a fine white dust which gives off a delicate perfume of lemon or balsam. As a rule, the duller a butterfly's color, the stronger his scent, perhaps a compensation from nature. Some of the dull-colored night butterflies or moths have a quite strong odor.

Removal of the dust leaves a noticeable bald spot on the wing; and when we come to examine the dust under a microscope we find it of more substantial composition than we ever could have suspected with the unaided eye. In fact, it is made up of countless scales—the real coloring of the wings—for without the scales the wing is as transparent as that of a wasp or bluebottle.

The scales are laid on the wing in much the same way as the slates of a roof. But in spite of the exquisite shape and coloring, they are so tiny that the scales on the wings of a single butterfly would outnumber all the slates on the roofs of the houses of a good-sized town. When you consider that each must be arranged according to its color, in order to give the wonderful patterns that the wings display, you will obtain some idea of the wonders of workmanship in a butterfly's wings.

"KILL NOT FOR PITY'S SAKE"

MAUDE WOOD HENRY

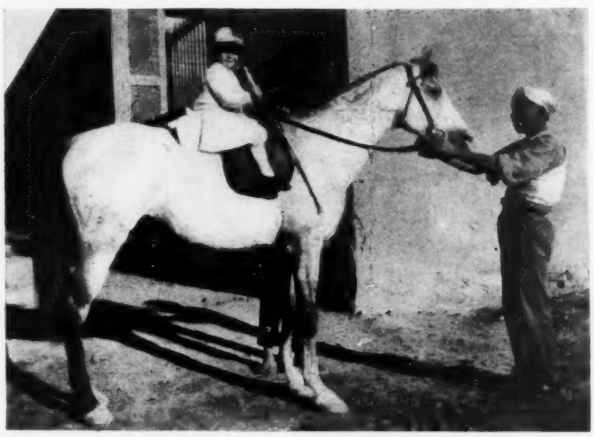
"Kill not—for Pity's sake—and lest ye slay
The meanest thing upon its upward way."

I'D read these lines writ by an Eastern sage
And still was pondering on the wondrous page
Of Arnold's "Light of Asia," when my eye
Caught sight of gaily painted butterfly
Flitting so lightly o'er a bed of flowers,
Making the most of the short golden hours
Allotted to it. Then the air was rent
With the sweet calls of children, homeward bent
From school, and so I closed my book to greet
My own dear child who came with hurrying feet.
But he had stopped when his quick, roving eye
Had glimpsed the flower-seeking butterfly,
And in a flash he'd crushed it in his palm,
Taken its life without the slightest qualm;
It lay there, spent, the while my boy's eyes
Gloated and glowed at unexpected prize.
Its fluttering wings had ceased to strive with might;
My book recalled—the sight unnerved me quite.
"Kill not—for Pity's sake—and lest ye slay
The meanest thing upon its upward way."
It seemed my own hand red with insect blood
And tears of shame my eyes began to flood.
"Why, mother dear, what makes you feel so bad?
I've caught a beauty," cried my little lad,
"Our teacher told us just this very day
How to catch insects in a brand-new way;
I mean to get a lot, and show my class
How nice they look in boxes under glass."
I led the child away, to school his mind
To lesson new—the love of insect-kind.
For he who truly thinks, will hardly say
They hurt not God who helpless creatures slay.

* * *

"The Week of Weeks" for the animals: Be Kind to Animals Week.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



FRANCES ELIZABETH CURTIS, ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT
A Contributor to the Horses' Christmas Tree in Boston

MERELY ABSENT-MINDED

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK

WHEN you've drunk your steaming coffee, when you've eaten all you will—
The hot muffins, and the eggs, and bacon fried,
Will you kindly put some bread crumbs on the frosty window-sill,
For a little chap in feathers, who's outside?
He's an able-bodied beggar, and his appetite is great,
But he never leaves untidy bits behind him;
He doesn't want a knife and fork, he doesn't want a plate,
But don't put it where the pussy cats can find him!

When the ponds are frozen hard and fast, and all the streams are still,
When he can't get any drippings from the spout,
He will hammer at the icicles, and almost break his bill,
Trying might and main to get the water out!
He's an able-bodied beggar, but his beak is rather small,
And he'll thank you very much, if you'll provide him
With a dish of water twice a week, and then you'll hear him call
All his friends to come and drink your health beside him!

He will do his best to pay you—in the dark and freezing morn
You will hear his lovely carol through the mist;
He will tell you what o'clock it is before the light is born,
And that song of life no mortal can resist.
And the able-bodied sparrows all begin to chirp in time,
They've the chorus singers keeping well together,
Till the robin's solo sounds so sweet that 'mid the frost and rime
You can go to sleep and dream of summer weather!

THE PERFORMING DOGS

GEORGIA ROSE

LITTLE Ralph was highly excited. He had been to a vaudeville theater. Daddy had taken him because there was quite a wonderful "dog act." Ralph could scarcely talk fast enough to tell Mother all about it. There was a big bull-dog who took the part of a policeman. He had on a uniform and walked on his hind legs all of the time, straight up. "He walks just like a man, doesn't he, Daddy?" Ralph wondered if it made the dog's legs ache, but he had forgotten it again in a moment, in watching the rest of the act. There was another dog dressed in evening clothes and a silk hat. He climbed up a ladder to get his "sweetheart," a fluffy white dog. Then they both climbed down and "eloped." And how the people applauded! The little white dog nearly fell from the top of the ladder. Ralph had no idea how fast her little heart was beating.

After Mother had said "Goodnight," Ralph lay and thought about the dogs. They were very happy and had the best of care. Ralph knew this was true, because their trainer had so informed them. The tired little boy finally dropped off to sleep. When he awakened he thought he must be in Dogland. "There must be a million dogs here," Ralph thought. There were big dogs and little dogs, dogs that were fat and dogs that were skinny, straight-haired dogs and curly dogs—dogs, dogs, dogs. The policeman dog that had been in the show came up to Ralph.

"Come here, nice little boy, we are going to teach you some tricks."

"What kind of tricks?" asked Ralph.

"Oh, a lot of things that dogs do."

One of the dogs brought a skin and when Ralph was fastened in it he looked exactly like a collie. It was very hard for him to learn to walk like a dog. "Shucks, I'm not going to try," he said. But after his teacher had punished him he changed his mind, and did try very hard. There were pains in his back, his head hurt, and his eyes ached. You see his spine was not meant to be in a horizontal position any more than a dog's is meant to be vertical. After much effort he was able to do rather well and the dog gave him a piece of cake. The other dogs barked and wagged their tails.

"Now you are going to learn to dig as does a dog."

"Oh, how much longer must I stay?" wept Ralph. The next day Ralph seemed rather slow and the big dog seized him by the arm. "Please don't hurt me," screamed Ralph.

"Why, dear, what is the matter?" Mother was shaking him. "We did not seem able to waken you, you were having a dreadful nightmare."

The next morning John Graham came running over. "Gee, I saw a swell show last night. Dogs did all sorts of things. Let's train ours to do some of those tricks, shall we?"

"No, let's not," Ralph soberly replied. "God made 'em dogs; we'll let them act like dogs."

KEEPING HOUSE IN A "PUP" TENT

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

LA NECROLOGIE DE JOFFE, William Robert Pedrick.

The lament of his master for a lost dog—it is the old story of intense grief for a four-footed companion, grief made poignant by the premature and tragic death of "Joffe." It is all told in twenty pages, but told so effectively as to make the reader, whether he has ever owned and loved a dog or not, readily assent to Mr. Pedrick's conclusion: "By the tragic loss of a pet dog, the heart of him who loved it is permanently changed. He will never be exactly as he was, or as he would have been, unaffected by the loss." There is a "Note" of eight pages in which the author, inspired by an editorial in the *New York Journal*, denounces the attitude toward dogs of Mr. Arthur Brisbane. The booklet, in heavy paper covers, contains three illustrations. 28 pp. 75 cents. Harper & Brothers, New York.

HEROISM OF DOGS

NEWS dispatches from Boston last week related how families in two separate dwellings in which fires occurred were saved from possible death by suffocation by the warnings barked by their pet dogs, observes an editorial writer in the *Union*, Springfield, Mass., of December 19. Yesterday a news dispatch from Cleveland, Ohio, told of the death of a pet dog, "just a mongrel," after its bark had awakened and saved its master and mistress and their eight months' old daughter from death in a blazing house. One must be hard of heart not to feel some affection for dogs in general or one in particular after reading such stories of canine watchfulness and devotion.

ARE SCREECH OWLS OMINOUS?

IN some sections of the country people believe that when a screech owl alights and begins to send out its shivering cry into the night, it is a sign of some ill luck which is soon to befall them. Particularly do ignorant people put faith in this sign. Many have been heard to say that it betokens the early death of a loved one. No more utterly false spectre of the imagination was ever created. A screech owl is quite harmless. In fact, they are quite valuable, pretty little night birds.

LOST

A young male setter, black and white. Numerous small, arrow-shaped marks on back, legs and side, give him a grayish appearance; has a line of white on head; black, drooping ears; brown spots over eyes; brown on sides of muzzle and forelegs. Lost, probably, in vicinity of Natick, Wellesley, Dover, Westwood or Framingham. Telephone Natick 811-W. Address, A. E. Channing, Clark Road, Sherborn, Mass.

SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT

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Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities.

None.

Guy Richardson, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of December, 1922.

L. Willard Walker, Notary Public
[Seal] (My commission expires Feb. 7, 1924.)

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by George T. Angell in 1868

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All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN
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